

## "I AM LOOKING FOR MY BROTHER"

A woman went to the dock at Hoboken the other day wearing about her neck a sign-board on which was painted in big black letters the words, "I am looking for my brother."

A man coming down the gang plank saw the sign and in a moment had taken her in his arms. They had not seen each other for 40 years. But before leaving old Nuremburg to join her in America, he had sent her this sign that they might not miss each other in the throng.

A crude, effective stratagem, with its comic aspects. But if the souls seeking souls in this world could find some sign by which brother could recognize brother, sister know sister, and lover be made known to sweetheart, what a different world it would be!

The seeking soul is the civilized soul.

In these days we are not satisfied with each other merely because we happen to belong to the same family, or the same set. Too often the hearts that yearn for each other pass on the gang-plank where the currents meet and mix, and in the absence of some outward sign, the two drift away from each other never to meet again. In the next apartment in the city, in the house across the street, in the car into the windows of which one gazes in passing, in the automobile stalled by the roadside, in the farm buggy that turns off at the road just ahead, on the next seat in the park, across the aisle in church or theater may be the long-sought brother or sister or the soul, the heart to which your heart is attuned, the steadfast friend that you have always wanted and never found.

But the needed-one wears no sign. She may be on first sight plain-looking. Your eyes roves past her to one with prouder plumage. He may be ill-groomed or ungainly. Perhaps it takes time and contact to bring to your unskillful eyes the endearing things which would proclaim the brotherhood, the friendship, the loverhood.

Here are the magnet and the armature, but the energizing current of mutual recognition which would draw them together is absent. There is no sign. So they pass, and never meet again. This is what fills the world with discontent, the courts with affinity cases and the hearts of millions with unsatisfied yearning.

Is there no social engineer who can solve the problem?

"Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing"  
--nay! that never even speak, but slip by in the darkness with never a sound or thrill!

Where is the Marconi of the soul who will show how the sign may be wirelessly flashed from mind to mind—"I am looking for my brother?"